Far from My Thoughts, Vain World, Be Gone

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
gone, Let my religious

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
hours alone; Fain would my

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
eyes my Saviour see, I

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

The other verses

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right-hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of fruit divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.